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THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

"WELL, that bates the pyramids, Mister Colooney!" exclaimed Patrick Gallagher, turning the object of his examination this way and that in his hand; "resolve me this book, and Father M'Teigue may go to school to you!"

The reader must imagine two grotesque-looking fellows, on an unfrequented by-road in the west of Ireland, towards the fall of an autumn evening, busily engaged in scrutinising something they had just picked up. Mr Patrick Gallagher was one of about twenty partners who held a piece of land under one lease from the rich absentee Lord T—, and endeavoured to wring his share of the rent out of the wet side of a hill, with the comfortable reflection, that if any whim should induce him to become rich, he was to be visited for his presumptuous prosperity with demands from his landlord for the full proportion due by the less thrifty and more Irish of his copartners. Thus he felt that he performed the whole law by having a sufficient number of dirty bank-notes in his pocket at certain seasons to give the agent one half year's rent of his share within the other, so as to leave something always due; and accordingly, without a farthing on the face of the earth, and liable any day of the year to have his cattle driven or his crops seized, he was considered a respectable tenant by his landlord, and an independent if not a wealthy man by the neighbourhood and also by himself. He was, however, a *Connaught man*; and those alone who have crossed the Shannon are aware of all that is implied in that term. He was fidgetty, resentful, and grandiloquent—on wires, on thorns, and on stilts, all at the same time. His appearance was characteristic. The eyes of an observer, beginning their survey from above, first lighted upon a piece of felt, of the shape of a thimble, with a bit of whip-cord tied round the middle of it, as if to prevent it going farther down on the wearer's head than the point of his nose. In this office, indeed, it was assisted by his ears, which rose gracefully outside the brim, where the ordinary hat itself is wont to curl. His face was sharp, meagre, and cunning, with a chasm below, armed so as to resemble Fingal's Cave, and beset on either side with an irregular thicket of wiry red hair. A blue coat, interspersed with a few brass buttons, and built without much attention to the usual orders of architecture, served to connect the attic storey of this human edifice with a pair of leather small-clothes, that contracted like a baggammon-box half way down each thigh, but spread roomy for the knee-joint to play, disdaining buckle, button, or strap, and flapping against the top of a blue worsted stocking. This specimen of Connemara manufacture, which was gartered just above the swell of the calf, was *erased*, as heralds would term it, below, leaving the primitive leg again to "crop out" to the surface, till it once more dipped into the unfathomable *brogue*. Imagine a creature thus clad, with flat back and shoulders, knees bent and knotted, and heels extending back like a reserve of foot, ready to be put forwards when the other end was worn out—carrying a stick with the smaller end, polished with the "frequent palm," in his horny fist—and you have some faint idea of Pat Gallagher.

Mr Colooney was of a higher stamp. The first glance showed that his hat was or had been white, notwithstanding the discoloration of the weather side of it. The collar of a long trailing frock-coat was of velvet, of a time-worn green, as if it had begun to vegetate. His features were thick and stolid, his beard black. He had not only buttons at his knees, but long tape strings, tightening his hose over a burst-

ing calf. He was of somewhat shorter stature than his companion, it is true; but what he wanted in height was more than made up in the dignity of his bearing, the manner in which his elbows were thrown back, and the determined rigidity of his knee-joint, which formed the key-stone of a backward arch at every step. Mr Colooney was no less a personage than the village schoolmaster.

"Well, by dad, Mister Colooney, but this bit of a shtoane's mighty like a book—the Lord save us!"

And like a book the thing certainly was that he had that instant picked up in the middle of the road, for it had a back with four projecting ribs marked across it, some show of *tooling*, as it is called, flat sides, and the place where leaves generally appear in books sunk the usual distance between the covers. Stone it certainly was, and polished stone, too—a very pretty bit of marble, with some "organic remains" visible at each side of it. In short, it was a very stony-looking book, and a very bookish-looking stone.

"But where's the use of a book that wont open?" continued Pat, musingly, as he attempted to force asunder the covers. "Shure, there's only one book that's any good, and it shut; and Father M'Teigue can open that same, an' sorra a more strinth in his bit iv an arm nor would rise a tum'ler to his mouth; but, by dad, this would defate him, or Father M'Hale himself, and small blame to them, when there's no inside to it at all at all!"

"Whisht, Pat," said Mr Colooney, with a sagacious wink, "how do you know that?"

"Arra, sir, who'd open a pair of flent covers!—ye might as lieve go look for writin' betune Thady M'Gusty's millstones. It's a shtoane book, and you can't resolve me it, with all your gugin', and surveyin', and alphabets! Well, what'll the poor child-her do, I wonder, that's set at leathers as long as my shtick, when the master can't read a book no bigger than the palm of my hand! Set Pat at it himself, an' he'll make somethin' of it, I'll go bail." With this, Pat sought to recover the mysterious stone, which Mr Colooney had taken from his hand in the course of the conversation.

But the man of the ferule was not inclined to part with it. He turned it on this side and on that, and from one hand to the other, and racked his brains for some solution of the riddle.

"It's a lump of a stone, that's sartain," he muttered, musingly, "and, by the same token, mighty like what's in Father M'Teigue's chimney-piece, with the little egg-shells and saws and rulers broke out on it like the small-pox. So a stone you are, says I, if St Patrick himself pithrified you. But then, again, you're a book, or I never seen the inside of a school-room. The bigness to a T of my own 'Univarsal,' and the place at the back where the name ought to be, and was want, maybe. It's a book, and it's a stone. Well, that's beyant me. Maybe the larned men in the ould ancient time 'id be spellin' out of stone books, afore readin' and printin' was found out—the ould filloshofers. By the blessed Vargint, I have it, Pat!" shouted Colooney at last, flourishing his arm round his head.

Pat jumped round, and opened his mouth.

"My fortune's made, Pat!—I'm the boy, afther all!" and the pedagogue performed a *pirouette*, finishing with a sprawling gambol high in air. "The filloshofer's stone, Pat!—the filloshofer's stone! Eh, Pat, isn't that it?" and he fetched another gambol.

"The fill—fill—the fill of a what?" demanded the anxious Pat.

"The filloshofer's stone, you fool! Usen't all the world to be going about in the ould times afther the

flood, with hammers in their hands, just like the gentlemen that was up the mountain the other day with the tin case, sarehin' over and under, and up and down, for the filloshofer's stone!"

"An' what was it to do for them if they found it?" asked Pat, his face writhing with curiosity.

"Oh, by dad, every thing. It 'id make them young (Pat twitched up the right leg with a half audible whoop), and comely (Pat leered modestly), and wise (Pat strove to render his face intellectual), and rich!"

"Och, by japers," cried Pat, "that's the shtoane for me! Rich! was it rich you said?"—here he executed a screech, such as Power alone could imitate, evidently showing that he considered all other qualities merged in this great one. "But mind," says he, laying his finger on his nose—"remember, Mr Colooney, it was me that picked it up." So saying, he offered to relieve the pedagogue of his burden.

"Oh no, paudheen!" said the other, smiling, but holding the precious relic tight. "So you want to make out that it's you found out the saycret, do you! Didn't I resolve you the maning of it all! Didn't I hit on the grand *ar-cane-um*, as I was like to do, being the one that puts the larnint into your four brats, if they'd resave it; and bad luck to them, the spalpeens, it's the hardest-earned sack of cups, the taching of them four, ever I ate."

"You may go back to your boys, Mither Colooney," says Pat, "and hit upon what you please; but if you were the Kildare Shreet man himself, you wouldn't make them pick up as much knowledge in a day as I did just now;" and he winked, by way of giving sauce to his joke.

"Well, Pat, there's somethin' due to you for finding what you couldn't miss; and so, Pat, I'll toss you for the stone. Will that do, Pat?"

"Oh, be aisy, Mither Colooney, if you please; there's two sides to a halfpenny. What sarvice 'id a small lump of a flent do to the likes of you! No—see here, now. If I make my forthin' out of the shtoane, d'ye mind, you'll be the better by another sack of cups next Candlemas, and not a word about the keg of potten under the school-room flure. Is that a bargain! Wet your fist, my honey, and 'done!' says I. Give us the shtoane."

All was arranged. Pat went home with the "treasure-trove" in the crown of his hat, or rather on the top of his head, for crown his *caubeen* had none. Not a word could he say to his astonished wife and hungry brood, but "Wait, wait, darlints—you forthin's made. I'll set my li't houldin', and rise a male-shop in Bally-makeskin." But he kept the stone out of sight, as he had not quite made up his mind as to how he would proceed so as to realise his wealth in the shortest possible time. He thought the best thing to do at first would be to sleep on it. He had often dreamt of bags of shillings under a wall, and nearly undermined his hovel with digging for them; but "Bad luck to them," he used to say, "I never hit upon the right spot yit." Still it was in his dream he expected the stone to discover to him all its virtues; and he had no doubt but that the way it would do so would be by telling him the right side of the wall to dig for the bag. When night came on, he placed the piece of marble immediately under his right ear, and anxiously did he wait for the necessary preliminary to his dream to come; but whether it was the cold of the application to his face, or that a man seldom goes to sleep when he "pays attintion to it," I do not know, but so it happened that morning found Mr Patrick Gallagher still awake, and, moreover, groaning and moaning most piteously with toothache, and pain in his right jaw.

The next day the half acre was left to plough itself if it chose, and the little mountain nags evinced much satisfaction that their shoulders were not made acquainted with the wisp of straw that generally served to attach them to the plough. Pat would answer no questions, but was observed to go up the side of the hill with Mr Colooney, whose school was over unusually early that day. At this the red-headed rabble which burst from his door displayed tokens of delight as clearly as the nags, and much more audibly. That night Pat repeated the experiment, with this difference, however, that, having been made disagreeably acquainted with the properties of a stone poultice, he put some of the bedclothes (that is, a wisp of straw) between him and the making of his fortune.

Patrick Gallagher slept. As soon as he awoke, he shook himself, turned about his head, thrust his eye into the floor, screwed his forehead into a most sagacious disposition of wrinkles, and began to think.

"What did I dhrame of?" Thinking with Pat was a serious job. "What the dickens did I dhrame of?" he repeated, putting his hand mechanically to feel whether the book was "to the fore." "There you are, sure enough," said he, as he turned it in his hand; "but by this and that you might have made me remember what it was you told me while you were about it, or what good's in your sayaret at all at all."

But it wouldn't do. The knowledge which had been afforded him in his sleep (for that it had he did not think of doubting for a moment) had disappeared like the stars with the light of the day, and Mr Gallagher was still as ill able to meet his landlord on the approaching gale-day as ever, may, less so by the amount of what a fine day's farm work was worth at that season of the year.

For three days and three nights did this go on, and Gallagher was still completely swallowed up in his speculations. Towards the evening of the third day, he smote the leather which clothed his thigh. To explain this action, as fraught with meaning as the nod of the sapient Lord Treasurer, we will transport our readers a week forward in the history of Mr Patrick Gallagher, and beg of them to post themselves at the side of the door of his cabin about two o'clock in the day—that is, if they can find room, for they will meet a "mortal recorse" of people flocking from all parts of the "mountain," far and near, and converging to the entrance of the aforesaid cabin. Do the magnates who may con these pages in the drawing-rooms of the metropolis know the full import of the term "cabin," as it is used to designate a human habitation in the west of Ireland? If it were only to do our duty towards our neighbour, we must endeavour to explain. As a certain tourist, in writing home a description of Alpine scenery, commenced by assuring his correspondent that a glacier was not a fellow in a paper cap, with a square of glass under his arm, and a bit of putty stuck in his fist—so we must begin by making our readers aware that they will not understand our "cabin" by a reference to a picture by Morland, or a description by Leigh Richmond.

A Connemara cabin is a sort of excrescence of mud, raised like a bubble out of a tenant's "houdling," and topped with a layer of straw, spread irregularly on a few rude rafters, over which some huge flat stones are laid, to prevent the whole concern from flying off into the Atlantic the next equinox. This "mud edifice" is surrounded by a floating mass of putridity, consisting of whatever may be gathered or suffered to accumulate, to be spread over and fertilise the land at the proper season, and of which the least offensive materials are decayed straw and stagnant water. This moat environs the house on all sides, except where one narrow, broken, and half-submerged causeway conducs to the aperture through which an entrance may be effected. With considerable stooping this may be done; and then, if the fire happens to be low, you may have a sufficiently clear atmosphere to look about you. You perceive that the domicile is divided into two compartments, the fire being in that which you first enter, screened from the door by a great mud buttress. There may be some borings here and there in the walls, like so many feeble efforts of the inmates to scratch out for light; but the greatest quantity of that commodity is admitted by the hole in the roof, in return for the smoke it lets out. A few three-legged stools, a D-shaped griddle, a table like a chopping-block, and some musty straw in the corner of the inner apartment, are nearly all the necessaries. A piece of broken mirror, looking as if it had been worn into

holes with having been so long looked at, a dresser of crockery, apparently the relics of an earthquake, an odd flitch blackening in the chimney, and a coloured print of some anonymous saint, skewered into the mud wall, constitute the refinements of the establishment. For inhabitants, these consist of the father and mother, and their innumerable offspring, which seem to descend by insensible grades into the pig, cur-dog, and chickens, with which they habitually consort—so that it is difficult to say where humanity ends, and pig begins; while an old crone for ever cowers in the chimney, by the few sods of lighted turf, like the genius of poverty incubating over her heterogeneous brood.

Now, readers all, gentle and simple, that we have introduced you to an Irish "cabin," you will perceive that when we placed you at the side of Pat Gallagher's door, we allotted you a more disagreeable position than you were aware of.

On the day in question, as hath been already related, this door was beset with people of all ages, sizes, and sexes, who seemed determined to take the castle by storm, so eagerly did they press towards its gate; but here they met with an obstacle in the shape of the commander of the garrison, our hero himself, who stood in the door-way with the alpen already described in his fist, and opposed without scruple knocking-down arguments to their farther advance. No one was to enter—no, not the priest of the parish, Father McTeigue himself, without "paying his footing." A penny a-piece for a sight of the *rare fillosho-fer's stone*, the book that dropped out of the skies one day that the blessed St Patrick was reading it, and let it fall out of his hand; "and sorry he was," said Pat, in his notice to the neighbourhood, "that he couldn't demane himself to come down and pick it up; but since he daren't do that, shure he pointed to it with his crook and I passin' by, and 'Pat,' says he, 'it'll be the makin' of you; but, mind you, don't let it out of your hands, but bring it up safe to me when you're comin' yourself, you know; and if it isn't *this way* you'll be comin', just hand it over to Mither Colooney there beyant at the school-house forenent you, and he'll take charge of it; and with that the blessed Saint took off his specs, and 'Good mornin' to you, Pat,' says he, quite genteel, and up into the skies with him again, to the tune of *Patrick's day in the mornin'.*"

All this spread like wildfire, of course, and not on *Tribute-Sunday* were pence in greater requisition than on that day of wonder and excitement.

"Now," said Mr Gallagher, apostrophising himself as he took his post at the door—"now, Pat dear, show yourself a man. There's young Hoolaghan and Larry O'Dowd 'ill be for breakin' in past me for nothin', I'll be bail. But sorra one of them 'ill do it without the prent of this bit of a shtick on their shkulls first. This is the way I'm to make the forthin', that's plain; and by the help of the blessed Vargint, I'll not be chated out of a pinny of it. Dhrame indeed! I hot upon it broad awake;" and again he smote his thigh.

By two o'clock the concourse was great, and Pat had some difficulty in regulating the admissions. "Oh, Mither Reilly, an' is that you all the way from Curnavooleen! The sight of ye's good for sore eyes—walk in, an' welcome—oh, not at all; do ye think I'd be afther chargin' the likes of you, that I'm proud to see at all times, let alone this present! Keep your coppers towards drinkin' my health—only, please God, I'll be thratin' you myself, when the forthin's made. Blur an' owns, Phelim, but you're the welcome boy! I was thinkin' you had another month in *Monaghan* yet. You jist got out in time for a sight of the shtoane. Are you goin' to make all right wid poor Molly?"

"Och, that's all over," answered Phelim, "and Molly's as honest a woman as any in Connaught."

"In with you for nothin', my darlint!" exclaimed Pat, in a transport of moral enthusiasm—"in with you, and — Oh, by japers, but here's Larry O'Dowd sure enough. Well, Larry" (he said this in an altered tone), "I'm proud to see you." At the same time he placed himself in the middle of the door-way, and grasped his bit of oak by the middle, prepared to guard to the uttermost the approach to the shrine of wonder.

Larry lounged slowly up, with his hands in his breeches pockets, turning his head here and there, with a look between cunning and nonchalance. As the loiterers who had no pence expected a row, and hoped to take some advantage of the confusion, the causeway was left clear for the belligerent power to advance. He did so—and held out his hand.

"Pat, my honey," said he, "give us thee fist—there's your ha'pence, an' I'd give a naggin into the bargain to get a sight o' the blessed Sia Fail that I'm tould you've got back from St Pether."

Gallagher burst into a hideous yell, which in the polite world would have been termed melting into tears.

"I wronged you?" he sobbed—"I wronged you! But, by my sowl, no man shall say that Pat Gallagher was bate at that game. In with you, Larry, and *mille faille*; and for the matter of your pinny, there's small Terry with the shkull-cap 'll be blessin' you for ever for the half of it. Terry, you blackguard, what's keepin' you?" and he bestowed a hortatory box on the bandaged ears of the urchin.

Hereupon Terry's face silently writhed out of every resemblance to humanity, becoming gradually black through every shade of red and purple, till at last, after a lapse of time sufficient to have suffocated a diver, a roar burst forth, which was only moderated by being too vast for the dimensions of the imp's throat.

"Here, my jewel," said Larry, apparently melted by this affecting demonstration, "away with you to your mother, and tell her who was helpin' you."

The urchin, as soon as he felt the money in his hand, and without ever looking up, at once trotted off bare-foot over the stones with a light step, but maintaining at its height the stentorian roar which had helped him to this bit of good fortune, as if afraid that any intermission might deprive him of it again. Larry entered the hut, and Pat once more resumed his position. Three or four friends dropped up, and he showed the same magnanimous scorn of gain which had influenced him in the cases we have selected for special mention; a bright eye or a tight ankle his gallantry forbade to pay toll, and the consequence was that his house was filled considerably before his pockets. Now, however, the crowd outside began to thicken, and to become urgent. Persons, known to have no pence, affected to be pushed from behind by those who said they had, while the hubbub from within sufficiently evidenced the tightness with which the "admitted few" were packed, and the difficulty those nearest the door had of gaining a sight of the wonderful object of attraction. Pat was now forced to exert himself. The shillala was brandished in a menacing manner, and, after two or three "demonstrations," finally brought to bear with effect. Whop went the tough oak on many a tougher head, Pat exclaiming all the time, that he was determined not to let in more than "the full of the house" for any man. While he was thus engaged, however, a sudden rush and shout from within turned his attention the other way. So while some boys are busy cramming greasy tarts, a gripe from the visceral regions recalls his senses from the unclean portion outside his mouth to the eaten and half-digested food within. He pauses—and turns the eyes of his soul back upon himself. But Mr Gallagher did more. He quitted his post at once, and plunged from the door into the presence of the precious stone; and here our illustration deserts us, seeing it would be next to impossible for the self-indulgent school-boy to jump down his own throat to discover what the greasy tarts were about. It was manifest in a moment. Larry O'Dowd—to his shame be it spoken—no sooner had squeezed within arm's length of the relic, than he snatched at it, unmasked a battery in the shape of a short thick stick he had concealed about him, in a twinkling knocked down two women and a man who were next to him, and had nearly reached the door, which he expected to have "bolted" in a sense different from the usual one, when he was confronted by the might of Patrick Gallagher himself, the hero of our tale. As may be imagined, they did not begin, like Glaucus and Diomed, to recite their pedigrees, but at once set about their principal business. Larry lay sprawling and bleeding on the ground, until the stone was wrenched out of his grasp; but no sooner was he relieved of this burden than he started up on his feet, and ran straight out of the house and across the hill, as fast as his legs could carry him, the assembled crowd shouting after him as if he had been a hare, and Pat bellowing above them all—"My blessin' on you, Larry O'Dowd!—when'll you be back! Come here, man, till you see the inside of it." Then, turning to the grinning bystanders, he continued—"I hope he hasn't taken the virtue out of the shtoane, for he wanted it badly. By japers, if it's back he'll be comin', I'm thinkin' he'll stay about as long as a drop uv water on a hot smoothin'-iron." He then returned into the house, barred the door, and told the good woman to produce the keg of poteen; "for," said he, "shoutin' and door-keepin's dhry work." Out came the secret store, accordingly; the *earthquake* ware was set upon the table, and soon the huzzaing and laughter betokened to those without that the illicit spirit was getting as little law now as at its making.

At length a tap was heard at the door. In towns we know a postman's knock from an attorney's, a footman's from a dun's. Pat's heart smote him, for there was something peculiar in the tap; it was a

tap as with authority—like a certain tap on the shoulder. Again—tap—tap; Pat's heart smote in echo against his side; he groaned, and went to the door.

In every one's experience there are a few faces the eyes would wish to look upon as seldom as possible. One of these "few faces" Pat beheld as he opened the door.

"Why, Gallagher, what do you mean by all this! What are these lounging fellows about at this time of day! I hear you pretend to have found something of value; if it really be worth any thing, you know whose it is, I presume?"

It was Lord T——'s English agent.

The men inside looked as if they were before the high altar, while the women fell on their knees and began to bless him.

"You're humbly welcome, your worthy honour," bleated Pat, in his most reverential tone, while he wished him in his secret heart—anywhere but where he was. "But sure it wouldn't be for the likes of your honour to be intherin' the bit of a kitchen, an' it full of bits of common boys an' girls—for Pat quaked for his stone. It's only a bit o' good luck that's befell me, your honour; an' it'll be helpin' to make up the bit taste of a rint agin next November, please God."

"Come, come, sir," said the agent, entering, "I must judge for myself. I will not have such assemblies of idlers on the estate without taking measures to — Why, what have we here?" and he stopped short, as he came within sight of the stone. "Is this what you've found!—The specimen of Armagh marble I dropped the other day out of my gig?" So saying, the inhuman man actually laughed aloud.

At these words Pat jingled the money in his pocket, to discover how much he had realised. It amounted to thirteenpence.

Mr Colcooney, we are informed, did not ask for the additional sack of cups at Candlemas, inasmuch as he did not get one at all. In fact, there were no cups to get.

We fear, brothers of the pen, that some of us are very much in the position of our friend Patrick Gallagher. While we fancy, in striking out an article, or hitting off a stanza, that we have found the Philosopher's Stone, we let the fields of utility lie fallow, and encourage idleness and irregularity. The consequence is, that whether our rent be due to a landlady in a by-street, or at the exchequer of our country, we are equally unable to meet the November demand—and as we cannot be just, so we cannot be generous, and Colcooney never gets his cups.

Chafe not, knights of the ink plume, at this bit of application. You will perhaps be ready, with the old image, and complain that, in an attack from a brother scribbler, you are wounded by a shaft winged with a feather from your own breast. Recollect, however, ere you make the case your own, what that weapon is—a goose-quill.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

WATERSPOUTS.

THE most common appearance of a waterspout is as a circular pillar extending between the sea and a cloud above, and composed of water which seems to have been sucked or spouted up from below. Sailors are accustomed to see them stalking along over the surface of the sea, and sometimes have been involved in the midst of them. Professor Oersted of Copenhagen has recently given the phenomenon a studious attention, and announced some new views on the subject in a scientific journal.

According to Oersted, the object is not rightly named, water being only an accidental feature of it. The phenomenon is fundamentally a whirlwind, or vortex in the atmosphere, which only draws up water when it happens to pass over a sea or lake. The Danish professor, defining it as "a strongly agitated mass of air, which moves over the surface of the globe, and revolves on an axis, one extremity of which is in the earth and the other in a cloud," thinks that the term "storm-pillar" would be more suitable.

A waterspout, or, to adopt the improved name, storm-pillar, usually appears wide at the top and bottom, and narrow in the middle. The upper portion being always dependent from a cloud, the height may be presumed to be more considerable than observers have commonly believed. The altitude of 2000 feet has been that most frequently assigned to them. It seems more likely that the visible portion of them is often from 5000 to 6000 feet in height, though, in this respect, considerable variations must exist. In point of diameter, the lower portion has been found to measure from one hundred to above one thousand feet. The marks left on the earth, however, occasionally indicate a diameter smaller than a hundred feet. The colour of storm-pillars also varies much, the majority being grey in appearance, while others are of a dark blue, a dark brown, or a fire-red tint. They assume, in fact, all the hues taken by the clouds in different states of illumination; and the hue of the substances which they take up, as dust or water, must always greatly modify their appearance. The middle part of the pillar, when over water, is transparent; when over land, it is opaque.

The larger these vortices or revolving pillars are, the longer they endure. For the most part, they do not last above half an hour, and usually travel at an uncertain rate during that time. In some cases, they

have passed over thirty-seven English miles in one hour; at other times, a person on foot can follow them easily; and occasionally they remain nearly stationary, for a greater or lesser part of their duration. Their course, again, though most commonly in a straight line, is not unfrequently zig-zag, and they often rise and fall, quitting the ground for a few minutes to return to it again. The rate of motion of the pillar on its own axis is also very variable—sometimes extremely rapid, sometimes comparatively slow. Some persons speak of having observed ascending and descending movements, and spiral windings, in the different parts of the pillar. When the onward and revolving motions are both violent, the power of these storm-whirls is very great. They have moved heavy cannons, and torn up large trees, carrying the latter to a distance of several hundred (in one case 600) feet. Roofs of houses have been wrenched off by them, and large beams cast to a distance of 1400 feet. A log of wood, with other matters, the whole weighing 500 pounds, was lifted on one occasion from the ground, and thrown over a house forty feet high, to a total distance of 140 feet. A small object, such as a letter, has been carried twenty English miles. A fish-pond has been emptied in an instant; and the harbour of Christiansie was once swept out so fully, that much of its bottom lay bare. Beyond all question, the showers of frogs, fishes, seeds, and other small bodies, which occur not unfrequently, are to be ascribed to the elevating and transporting powers of the storm-pillar.

As these atmospheric movements occur most frequently at sea, may reach a great height, and generally pursue one direction with violence, we need not be surprised that light bodies should be transported to considerable distances, without the elevating cause being noticed. The storm-pillar is accompanied by noise in most cases, and at sea, a roar has been sent forth like that of a waterfall, attended also with piping or whistling sounds. A sulphurous smell has also been felt at times. The sea, the sea-coasts, and tropical climates, are the localities most frequented by the storm-pillar, and almost always electrical phenomena are found occurring simultaneously with it. Storm-clouds are frequently seen before it, and great storms usually follow its appearance.

It has been mentioned that the upper portion of the pillar is connected with a cloud. In that cloud the pillar has to appearance its origin. One philosopher, indeed, M. Michaud, who had an opportunity of watching several in the harbour of Nice, declared himself able to observe their gradual origin in the surface of the sea; but he had been deceived by the fact, that the whirl of air which forms the pillar is not visible till impregnated with vapour or drops of water, which it raises, slowly at first, into its lower extremity, from the surface of the ocean. At the commencement of this process, a small circular portion of that surface is seen to be uneven, and somewhat darkened. Soon after, a pillar of water rises, in which is seen a violent internal movement, the height being several fathoms. It forms and produces drops of water above, which it scatters on all sides, so that it distinctly exhibits an ascending and descending course, which moves in parabolic curves, like jets of water ascending in a slanting direction. In the highest region, the mass of cloudy vapour assumes the form of an inverted cone, and the part joining this to the actual water below is transparent at sea. There can be little doubt, however, of the continuous agitation and revolution of the air from cloud to sea; but the moving air is seldom visible, having no vapour carried so high as to betray its motion. Sometimes the mid part resembles a thin cloudy streak.

The origin of a storm-pillar on land is not otherwise visible than as regards the gradual dipping of the cloudy cone above. But the effects of the storm-pillar on land—of the whirlwind, in short—are soon made not less apparent, in well-marked cases, than when the air has raised water into its vortex. The nature of the motion, the power displayed, the mode of displaying it, and the connexion with the sky, are in both cases so exactly alike, as to prove that the whirlwind and the waterspout are intrinsically one and the same phenomenon—a revolving pillar of air, namely, acting in different fields. For proof of this, indeed, we should require no more than the simple fact, that when a previously dry whirlwind meets a fish-pond in its way, it lifts up the waters with the same facility evinced by the water-spout in raising the contents of the sea.

The old and yet very general idea that a waterspout was an ejection (or spouting) of water from the sea, is therefore utterly erroneous. There is no cause connected with the earth's crust, by land or by sea, that could account for the phenomenon. It takes place alike in non-volcanic and in volcanic countries. Nor can the sea itself, by any explicable mode of action, be the cause of such an effect; and as little can we ascribe it to the ordinary winds on the earth's surface, since it most frequently occurs in the midst of an atmosphere at the moment serene. The storm-pillar must therefore have its origin in the upper regions.

As a necessary consequence of the rotatory motion, all the parts exhibit a centrifugal action towards the circumference. Any person taking a transparent vessel filled with sand and water, and giving it a quick rotatory motion on a perpendicular axis, will see the heavier portions thrown to the outside. They may also be observed to pass upwards, exemplifying another feature of the storm-pillar phenomenon. The agency

which drives the large sand particles outwards, finds a bound or check at the circumference, and the only direction which they can take under the influence of the pressure is upwards. This action may be further illustrated by emitting smoke into the open air, and, at the distance of one or two feet, producing a rapid rotation in the air, when the upward extension of the whirlwind is shown by means of the smoke. Here we have the elevating power of the whirl or vortex in part explained and illustrated.

All the phenomena indicate a whirlwind which begins, not on the earth, but in the higher regions of the air, and becomes expanded as it descends, till contact with earth or sea develop its influence. Whence originates this vortex? It is known that two currents of air, following parallel but opposite courses, can produce a slight species of whirlwind on the surface of the earth. There is nothing to prevent us from assuming the existence of such currents in the higher regions of the atmosphere. We know that currents, running in various directions, and also whirling clouds, have been found in the upper strata of the air by aeronauts; and we also know that these often exist and contend with one another when all is tranquil below. That the vortices of whirlwinds and waterspouts have such a source, is partly confirmed by their frequently oblique character, showing that the contending winds above may not be precisely in the same courses at all times when they produce the phenomenon. Great wood fires in the open air have been found to produce vertical columns of smoke and flame, having all the characters and powers of the whirlwind. Trees of considerable size were raised by them to the height of forty or fifty feet. These vortices were formed in calm evenings, and they appear to have resulted from the collision, under peculiar circumstances, of currents formed by the fires. The phenomenon tends to explain the liability of calm or tropical latitudes to become the scene of storm-pillars.

Storm-pillars, as already stated, are always attended with electrical action. Light, and noise, and smells, accompany them, as in the case of lightning and thunder. The rapid condensation of moisture, which develops electricity, is doubtless the chief cause of its appearance in the case of storm-pillars. Some people have explained their whole phenomena by supposing in them the existence of a strong electrical current, which received its vortical movement through the magnetism of the earth. One argument is sufficient to overturn this opinion. Such an electrical current could not but affect violently the magnetic needle. Now, storm-pillars have passed close to and even over vessels at sea, without any affection of the needle being noticed.

ANECDOTES RESPECTING A TRAIT OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

THERE are few traits more strongly marked in the every-day American character than that of distrust or suspicion, which particularly displays itself where parties happen to be interested in pecuniary matters. It is observable in the merest trifles; and even children are instructed to be on their guard lest they should suffer themselves to be duped or imposed upon. It is a melancholy reflection, that, among a people of intelligence, it should be considered necessary to imbue the infant mind with a generally entertained suspicion of the whole human family: other nations have considered it better for the interests of virtue and happiness, that the tender and susceptible mind should not thus early be taught to think ill of mankind, though at the risk of occasional loss from want of due caution. I shall here advert to one or two instances of juvenile distrust which have occurred within my own observation, in the course of a pretty long residence in America. One day I had called at the house of an intimate acquaintance, to ascertain if I could execute any little commissions for the family in a distant city to which I intended setting out in a day or two. After the parents (for there was a family of children) had explained to me how far they would avail themselves of my kind offer, a little boy, of not more than seven years of age, expressed a wish that I would purchase for him a small cane fishing-rod. I then inquired of the father if it was his desire that I should do so! "Oh, yes!" replied the indulgent parent, "if he wishes it; but," continued he, addressing the child, "if Mr — is to procure for you the fishing-rod, you had better go to your mamma and ask her for a dollar of your money, which, probably, will be about the price of your rod." After a moment's reflection, the little fellow, looking his father steadily in the face, said, "Why, I guess, papa, it would be better not to give Mr — the dollar until he returns with the fishing-rod, for you know he may never come back; or he may break it before I get it; or he may lay out the money in something for himself." The parent listened and smiled, but neither rebuked his too cautious son nor attempted to enforce his own previously expressed opinion.

On one occasion I was on a short tour through the country in company with Judge T——, an elderly Scotchman, who had been settled many years in that district, and whom, in the absence of a fitter person, the governor of the state had appointed to the situation of associate judge, with a small salary. On our road the judge informed me that there was a farmer he wished to see for a few minutes on some business of no great importance, who resided, he believed, somewhere near the spot where we then were. By and by

we came to a farm-house where two or three children were playing by the roadside, among a parcel of chips and pieces of timber split up for fuel. The eldest, a boy apparently eight or nine years of age, was asked by the judge "if Mr R. lived there?" The young republican did not make an immediate reply, but looking first at the one and then at the other children, addressing my companion, said—"I guess you be the man as came after father a few days back." While this was being delivered, a little sister sneaked slyly off towards the house, as if to give warning to the inmates. Notwithstanding the boy's unsatisfactory answer to the judge's question, we took it for granted that we had hit upon Mr R.'s abode; so he again addressed the boy, saying, "Is your father at home, my child?" After a little consideration, the cautious urchin said—"Last night father was a-saying that he guessed he was a-going to mill to-day; did you notice, as you came along, whether or no the mill was a-grinding?" Without holding any further communication with this young scion of "freedom and independence," the judge rode up to the door of the dwelling, and hollering pretty loudly, the farmer's good dame made her appearance, when he inquired if her husband was at home. After a moment's stare at him, she exclaimed, addressing the little girl we had noticed sneak off to the house, "Why, now, my gracious! Parthene, child, where be ye?—why, this man's no more like Sheriff Bates than you be; run—tell your father that it aren't the sheriff, any how;" and away toddled the little girl into some corner, where the farmer had secreted himself, on the false alarm being given that Sheriff Bates was approaching; for it seemed that a second visit from the sheriff of the county was hourly expected, in consequence of the non-payment of the costs incurred in a foolish lawsuit.

It ceases to be a matter of wonder, that children, educated, as it were, to be cautious and distrustful, should grow up with those feelings strengthened and matured with their riper years. In the ordinary business of life, a due caution and circumspection are always commendable; but these may be exercised, for the most part, in a fair and honourable manner, and without necessarily offending the feelings of the relative parties. In America it does not seem to be considered essential to attempt any little amiable disguise where you have a doubt that all is not correct; and yet business is commonly done in a round-about way, because it either is not in the nature of the people, or, at all events, no part of their education, to go directly into any transaction at issue at once. I have been a witness to very many instances of this peculiarity, some of which applied individually to myself, others to persons with whom I was intimately acquainted.

On one occasion, a friend of mine commissioned me to call upon the agent of one of the largest landholders in that part of America, to receive for him the sum of one thousand dollars; the said agent having previously been advised that he was to pay that sum to my friend or his order. My friend addressed a note to this individual, of which I was the bearer, requesting that he would pay the said sum to me (at the same time stating that I was his friend), as it would save him the trouble of riding over himself. I was then almost a stranger in that part of the country, and had never been in the village where the agent resided, neither had I ever seen him. When I called at his office, I found him disengaged; so I presented my friend's note without any circumlocution. He perused it, and then inquired, if I had left my friend, Mr W—, quite well, and if I had seen him lately. To the latter part of the inquiry I remarked, that the date of the note would probably be a satisfactory explanation, as it was, I knew, written that morning. "I calculate," said he, "that you are a stranger in those parts; have you long been acquainted with Mr W—?" I observed, that I was quite a stranger at Chinango, but that I had known Mr W— intimately for some years. Having hemmed once or twice, and spat upon the floor as often, he carefully perused the note a second time, when he said, "Why, a thousand dollars is rather a large sum; I feel somewhat curious to know what Mr W— can want with so much cash just now." I told him it was out of my power to inform him; all I knew of the matter was, that, knowing I was about to visit Chinango, my friend had requested me to receive the money for him; and if he (the agent) did not feel satisfied, and refused to comply with the order I had brought him, I must wish him a good morning. Looking again at the note, which lay beside him, he said, "Now, I declare, that Mr W— is a quick hand with a pen; this is regularly like nobody's writing but his own; you've often seen him write, mister, I calculate?" At last, getting a little out of patience with my interlocutor, I told him, that I had other business to attend to, and could not spend the whole morning in listening to observations that I considered quite uncalled for; that if he chose to hand the money to me I was prepared to receive it, but if not, he was, of course, at liberty to do as he pleased. "Why," said he, "a thousand dollars, I guess, require a little looking up; so, as you seem to be in considerable of a hurry, I presume you might as well call again in an hour or two." Suspecting that my taking back the money with me might be a convenience to my friend, I judged it better to comply with the terms of the cautious agent; so, at the appointed time, I called at his office, and again found the gentleman disengaged. He again

scrutinised my person rather closer than I approved of; and was about commencing cross-questioning me respecting my friend and my own business and connexion with that part of the country, when I cut him short by telling him, that I could not see what such questions had to do with the business I had called about, and that, if he did not feel disposed to comply at once with the note I had delivered to him in the morning, I should instantly take my departure. "I guess," said he, "mister, you ben't a Yankee, you get so considerable sharp in talking over business matters a little, which I consider no more than altogether regular. To be sure, I have looked up the money; but if so be as you object to receive it for Mr W—, you know I cannot help it; if you will wait a little, I will just write a line to say so." "I will not wait another minute," replied I, "nor be the bearer of any communication to that effect. If you choose to hand the money to me, I will take it; if not, I desire you will return my friend's note, which I consider an order for its payment." Having once more examined the order, he pulled out a drawer from beneath his plain, unpainted pine desk, and deliberately counted out the one thousand dollars, handed them to me, and "guessed I should find them all right."

Since this little affair occurred, I have often, in my intercourse with persons of a similar class to the cautious and anxious agent above alluded to, got sadly annoyed and out of humour at their suspicious and roundabout way of doing business; and though it may not appear peculiarly amiable to make a boast of it, I have ever found that a promptness and decision, and a little extra asperity, have greatly accelerated the settling matters of business, cutting short their own ordinary plan of drawing and guessing, and calculating, and scheming, to which many of them are so much addicted.

I will mention but one more instance of this peculiar degree of caution and mistrust to which I was subjected. It took place at Geneva, in the western part of the state of New York, during an excursion I made into that part of the country, for the purpose of purchasing twelve or fifteen hundred sheep. One of the city banks had, previous to my setting out, remitted me \$5000 dollars, all in five-dollar bills, struck from a new plate, and none of which had previously been in circulation. In my own neighbourhood I had no opportunity of getting them exchanged for such notes as I knew would be more acceptable to the farmers in the district I proposed visiting; but knowing there were two or three banks in that vicinity, I presumed that I should experience no difficulty in getting my city bank-notes exchanged (although belonging to another state) at any of the banks in the interior of the country. Having, after two or three days' travelling, reached Geneva, I called at the banking institution of that place, made its officers acquainted with my wishes, and then exhibited my bundle of handsome new bank-notes. They evidently were a curiosity, for the whole of the parties I saw upon the premises assembled to inspect my money. They were pronounced "very elegant notes"—"no doubt they were perfectly genuine"—but not one of them remembered to have seen notes of the same pattern. After consulting some time amongst themselves, respecting what was to be done, I was at length given to understand "that it would not be convenient for them to exchange my money," which meant, I knew, that they considered my bundle of bank-notes forgeries. Without pressing the matter upon them further, I returned to the tavern where I had left my horse, but had not been there many minutes before I recognised two of my bank acquaintances in earnest conversation with the landlord; and from their side glances directed towards me, not to be misunderstood, I felt assured that I was the subject of their deliberations. I afterwards learned that the bank people had, as I suspected, considered my bundle of notes forged ones, and that they had applied to the landlord of the tavern, who was a magistrate (a very common case with tavern-keepers in the interior of the country in America), to consult with him what was best to be done in the case. The landlord had recommended the postponement of any harsh steps until the following morning, and perhaps he felt a little interested in so doing, as I had made known to him, on my arrival, that it was my intention to remain all night; whereupon my horse had been unsaddled, and my valise safely deposited in the bar—in his possession; so that he "guessed he was all right." During the evening, I strolled into one of the principal stores; and mentioning to the store-keeper my having in my possession some amount of city bank-notes, which I wished to exchange for western notes, he unhesitatingly informed me that it would be a great accommodation to him to make such an exchange, as he was about to set out for the Atlantic cities in a day or two, where he presumed he should have to allow a discount on his country notes of two or three per cent. The exchange was immediately effected between us; the news was soon circulated that the stranger's bills were not spurious; the bankers and the landlord put the best face on "the mistake" they were able; and I left that delightfully situated little town of Geneva on the following morning, to pursue my journey and transact my business, instead of being committed to duance vile as an impostor and a vendor of forged bank-notes.

(To the above anecdotes we would append the remark, that the excessive cautiousness, or rather dis-

trustfulness, of the Americans, must necessarily be a consequence of the unusual prevalence in that country of a desire to deceive and cheat; for men, in ordinary circumstances, are not disposed to be very cautious, and the state of mind itself is one productive of pain and inconvenience to all parties. The utility of confidence in business transactions and every kind of intercourse has already been illustrated in the Journal (No. 121): the prevalence of a contrary feeling tends to obstruct and even extinguish business, to an extent which few are aware of. This is, indeed, one of the cases in which moral conditions tell directly and powerfully on the substantial affairs of life, and serve to show how the adoption of all approvable means of bettering those conditions is as much the duty of a government as the immediate protection of life and property. The distrustfulness of the Americans must be nearly as fatal to commercial relations between man and man, as prohibitory duties are to the same relations between state and state.]

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

ZURICH TO LUCERNE.

I LEFT the reader at Zurich, the industry of whose inhabitants led me into a few particulars respecting the commercial policy of Switzerland. The more we saw of this place and its neighbourhood, the more evident did it appear that the general comfort which marks the condition of the working-classes is as much ascribable to a peculiar economy in their domestic arrangements, as it is to the external circumstances by which they are affected. Most travellers speak of Zurich, and the canton of which it is the capital, as rather sour in social character, which they trace to the harsh forms of religious belief planted at the Reformation, and scrupulously maintained by the penalties of the law. We saw nothing of this nature, the ideas of the people on matters of religion being now considerably moderated. A gentleman belonging to the town confirmed a report I had heard, to the effect that dancing was not permitted without the license of a magistrate, but he continued to say that such a regulation is practically of small importance; for merry-making parties can easily go across the boundary of the canton into Argau, and there they may dance to their heart's content.

The canton of Zurich, like that of Basle, underwent a revolution in 1830, when its constitution was considerably popularised. Since that period, the privileges of the town and country have been nearly equal, the proceedings of the legislature and courts of justice open to inspection, financial accounts are published, the press has been made quite free, and education is promoted on a liberal scale. A not less important improvement has been the destruction of the town walls, by which means the inhabitants can no longer intrench themselves behind ramparts, and oppress at pleasure the rural districts. The bombardment which the town endured at the conclusion of the last and beginning of the present century, when the country around was the theatre of war to the French and Austrians, not to speak of the great expense incurred annually for keeping up the fortifications, affords also an unanswerable argument why these walls should have been swept away. Since this highly creditable improvement was effected, the town, as I formerly mentioned, has assumed an open cheerful aspect, and is pushing out into the country in all directions. One of the most elegant of the new public edifices is the Post-office, an extensive suite of buildings in the Grecian style, surrounding a central court-yard devoted to the business of the cantonal diligences. In Switzerland, the government of each canton has a monopoly of the diligences as well as of the posts; but the conveyances provided for passengers are handsome and substantial, and the fares are very moderate. As in France and elsewhere on the continent, neither the driver nor conductor ask or take fees. The price of conveying letters is also on a very moderate scale. On applying several times at the Post-office for letters from England, I could not help feeling a little surprise at the confidence which was reposed in me by the keeper of the bureau. He always handed me out the whole of the letters in his possession, to seek for and take whichever belonged to me, and I had an opportunity of looking them over at my leisure on the window-sill. This unsuspiciousness says much for the general honesty of the people.

The town library, consisting of 50,000 volumes, and the arsenal of the canton, are among the few objects of general interest shown to strangers. The arsenal is chiefly remarkable for the many specimens of ancient armour and warlike instruments, which it preserves as relics of former struggles for political independence. It is amusing to find a late English tourist, who has favoured the world with his "Recollections," sneering at the modest character of this depot of arms—"the arsenal, to one who has seen the Tower, [is] contemptible." This reminds one of the pride which some people take in showing what a fine large prison their town has got—what an immense number of felons they try at every jail delivery—what a splendid regiment of dragoons is always at hand, in case of need, in a neighbouring barrack—and that they have such an excellent executioner, that he is regularly borrowed by all the principal cities in the kingdom. Zurich has a small prison, and seldom any prisoners; it has no barracks or dragoons, and cannot

find work for an executioner. What an unhappy condition!

Suffering from such deprivations, it is agreeable to know that Zurich has long held a distinguished place in the learning, literature, and arts of Switzerland. It has been the place of birth or residence of Solomon Gessner the poet, Jean Gessner the naturalist, Hottinguer the orientalist, the learned Professor Bodmer, and his friend Breitinger, Lavater the physiognomist, Hagenbuch, Klopstock, Wieland, and other men eminent in the German world of letters. Lavater was pastor of one of the churches of the town, and a person of amiable manners. Murray mentions his sad fate on the occasion of the town being captured by the French, September 26, 1799. "He was shot within a few steps of his own door by a brutal French soldier, to whom, but two minutes before, he had given wine and offered money, and while he was in the act of assisting another soldier who had been wounded. A high reward was offered by Massena, the French commander, for the discovery of the murderer; but though known to Lavater and his family, he refrained from informing against him. After lingering through three months of excruciating agony, he expired, January 2, 1800, at the parsonage: his grave is marked by a simple stone in the churchyard of St Anne."

The establishments for instruction at Zurich, remodelled generally since 1832, present that rational gradation from infant and elementary schools to the university, which is peculiar to German education. The institution most worthy of remark is the cantonal school, divided into two sections, and each of these subdivided into two branches—an inferior and superior. One of the two sections is called the gymnasium or college, and has for its object the preparation of young men for the university who wish to study science, theology, jurisprudence, or medicine. The other section is named the school of industry, and is designed to instruct those who are to devote themselves to commerce and general pursuits, including manufacturing industry. The inferior branches of each are, of course, devoted to the preparation of lads for the higher; and the routine of instruction would shame some of our best academies. As, for instance, in the inferior school of industry (*L'Ecole d'Industrie Inferieure*), boys are instructed in general religious truth, the elements of physical sciences, mathematics, natural history, descriptive geometry, drawing, the German and French languages, history, geography, arithmetic, writing, and singing. Latin and Greek are added in the superior department. In the whole institution there are thirty-six teachers. Entering the series of schools at twelve years of age, the youth is handed on from one thing to another, always extending his knowledge, till (if designed for the learned professions) he is ready for the university. The number of students at this the highest educational establishment, is seldom less than 200; and as the professors are partly paid by the state, the expense of attending their classes is very moderate, and therefore suited to the general condition of the people. The half-yearly fee of each student is only twelve Swiss francs, or about thirteen shillings English. I ask any candid person, if the method of preparing lads for a university education, such as is here hinted at, is not something very superior to the plan pursued in England, where young men intended for technological professions generally enter college ignorant of almost every thing but a little Latin and Greek. A glance at the gymnasium in the cantonal school of Zurich, would open up a new world of thought to the directors of most of our academies.

In connexion with the cantonal school there is a library, containing nearly 20,000 volumes, for the use of the scholars. Other establishments in the town, connected with science or literature, also deserve a passing notice, if only to show that in this simple democracy the taste for refined recreation has not been left uncultivated. There is a society of naturalists, established by Jean Gessner in 1745, possessing a museum and valuable library; a society of antiquaries; a society for the cultivation of music; and a society of artists and amateurs. This latter association, which has been founded since 1787, has a regulation by which each member at enrolment shall furnish an album with a design, pay a fixed sum, or present a gift of an object of art. The album now consists of several volumes, and is reckoned a valuable record of the taste of Swiss artists during the last half century. The society also possesses various detached works of art, including a volume of designs in crayons by Fuseli. There is likewise in the town a small theatre, well supported, and which the German stars, Esclair and Seydelmann, we are told, do not disdain to honour by their visits. The university of Zurich is enriched with a zoological and also mineralogical museum; and a few years ago a botanical garden was opened. An establishment more popular and generally useful is the reading-room of a society of upwards of 400 members. This institution will compete with any thing of the kind in England. Here are taken in 41 Swiss newspapers, in different languages; 12 German, 8 Parisian, and 2 English papers; 26 literary journals, 14 theology, 19 jurisprudence, 28 medicine, 14 natural sciences, 9 mathematics, military art, and architecture, 8 philology, archæology, and pedagogy (art of teaching); 10 history and geography, 19 political economy, commerce, and industry, and 30 upon *belles lettres* (15 of which are German, 11 French, and 4 Italian). Besides these novelties, the establishment

is provided with a large array of maps, charts, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and 1000 volumes of general literature. The entry-money payable on admission to this noble establishment is only four francs, and the annual contribution is only sixteen francs (a Swiss franc is worth about 1s. 1½d. English). It may surprise the English reader to learn that so extensive a collection of journals should exist in a Swiss town possessing little more than 14,000 inhabitants, and the fact is in various respects not without its value; but the circumstance most worthy of notice is the diversity of character of the works. In most public reading-rooms in our own country, there are rarely more than two or three journals which are non-political.

To all appearance, the Zurichois are engaged in pursuits somewhat more solid and profitable than political or ecclesiastical wrangling. The working-classes and traders, who constitute the bulk of the people generally, contrive to save from their earnings; and it may be said that all, from high to low, here as elsewhere in Switzerland, are anxious to accumulate the fruits of their enterprise and industry. There being no outlet for ambition in rank, titles, or any other circumstance independent of personal qualification, the leading objects of desire are to make money, buy a piece of ground, and build a house. This fancy, which I presume to be perfectly legitimate, has decorated the environs of Zurich with villas, and scattered over Switzerland cottages of all shapes and sizes. If the reader accompany me on an excursion up the lake of Zurich, we may see a variety of these snug seats of rustication of a wealthy, or at least comfortable, set of citizens.

It was, as usual, a very beautiful morning, when, stepping from the quay, I found myself on board the Escher-Linth, a neat steam-boat, which plies daily from Zurich to Schmerikon, at the farther extremity; and the fares on board of which, by dint of competition with another steamer, are tolerably moderate. The excursion, to those who wish to return, occupies an entire day, but includes a stoppage of two hours for dinner. On the present occasion, the vessel shot off from the quay with a goodly number of passengers, of different nations, some being tourists bound for the Grisons, by way of Coire, and others designing only to see the borders of the lake, or to visit the adjacent districts; the greater number, however, were Germans, the men distinguishable by their cloth caps, large watch-keys, and incessant smoking, and the women by their plain appearance and diligent knitting of stockings. Dull as I was in consequence of having been obliged to undertake this side-journey by myself, the views, as the boat passed along the clear green waters, were so pleasing that it was impossible to be out of humour with the scene. Leaving the white and irregular buildings of Zurich at the northern extremity of the lake, with a back-ground of villa-clad heights, we find ourselves on a stretch of water of from three to four miles in breadth, and open at least twelve miles in front, but extending altogether to nearly twenty-six miles. The lake possesses no islands within sight, a deficiency which forms a marked distinction between this as well as other Swiss lakes and the lochs of Cumberland and Scotland. Great beauty in the banks compensates in some manner for the want of green and bushy islets. On each side, gently sloping hills rise from the shore, and are every where laid out in vineyards, corn lands, or pastures, plentifully decorated with trees and enclosures, with a thick scattering of detached cottages and gentlemen's seats, also neat villages, each with its antique church spire, planted along the shores. Darting from point to point, the steamer makes a call at these villages, setting one or two persons down here, and taking others up there, and affording us a glimpse of the place as we pause for a few minutes in front. Some of the villages are evidently hives of industry. At one we see a factory, with its wheel tumbling round under the impulse of a brook dashing hurriedly down a ravine from the hills; at another, there appears to be a great deal done in dyeing, and workmen are out in barges on the lake, washing the coloured yarns from their impurities—in short, much work of one sort or other is going forward, all in a primitive kind of way.

The hills which thus form the ornamental foreground of the picture, are backed by others of much greater altitude, and of a wild appearance. On the right, in passing from Zurich, we observe the Albis, the highest mountain range in this quarter; and, as a grand backing to the southern end of the lake, we see the lofty and sublime peaks of the Alps of Glarus and Uri, basking in the glare of the summer's sun, but covered with mantles of the purest snow. About noon the vessel touches at Rapperschwil, on the left bank, a town of improving aspect; and here we find a wooden bridge of great length, crossing from one side of the lake to the other, and a part of which is raised to allow us to pass. From various appearances, the lake is here seemingly closing up, and by and by a meadow of alluvial soil, thickened with aquatic plants, will cut the lake in two. Near the right shore is a low grassy islet, clothed with some wood, which will in all probability be soon joined to the mainland from the same cause. After passing the bridge, we enter an upper division of the lake, which bends towards the east; the hill-sides become more pastoral, and are more thinly inhabited as we advance; and finally we are brought to the limits of the lake navigation at Schmerikon, a village consisting of an inn, a church, and a scattered collection of houses. Although the

steamer halts here, there is a water communication farther up the valley by the Linth canal, which reaches the lake of Wallenstadt at several miles' distance.

Having landed at this place, I proceeded on an excursion up the vale, which is rather beautiful, with heights on each side, and cottages of a more rural class of peasantry than I had previously seen. The district belongs to the canton of St Gall, and may at once be recognised as Roman Catholic by the figures and the gilt crosses in a burying-ground occupying the top of a sunny knoll. Climbing the ascending braes, I had here an opportunity of seeing the *menage* of Swiss rustic life, of a class hovering between that of the alpine regions and the suburban condition. From the higher ground a good view is obtained of the vale beneath, and of the means which have been adopted to render it salubrious. Previous to 1822, it was subject to constant overflows of the Linth, in consequence of the waters being dammed up at a part of their course by debris brought down from the glaciers; but according to the plans of Mr Conrad Escher—a new course being given to the Linth, by which the rubbish it brought down could be deposited in safety—inundations were in future obviated, and the valley stretching between the lakes of Zurich and Wallenstadt has been thus rendered healthy and suitable for pasturage. It is also now the seat of manufacturing industry, a large factory being planted near the Linth canal—a situation, certainly, in which I was not a little surprised to find such an establishment. The lake of Wallenstadt is much smaller than that of Zurich; but though traversed also by a small steamer, I did not think of stopping to inspect it, as its scenery is of comparatively little interest, and there was nothing else of moment to attract attention. As already mentioned, the route in this direction leads towards the Grisons, a secluded portion of Switzerland, with peculiar manners and language; and for the accommodation of travellers, a diligence runs to and from Schmerikon in connexion with the Zurich steamer.

My return to Zurich requires no particular notice; and having finished all necessary observations there, I proceeded with my companions in the direction of Zug and Lucerne, which is by a south-western route over the Albis. Passing various hamlets of neat cottages, and crossing the vale of the Sihl, we are conducted by a zig-zag cut road to the summit of this mountain tract, a height of nearly 3000 feet, from which a new world of picturesque beauty opens upon the eye. Attaining the brow of the mountain, and emerging from some clumps of wood, we are presented with the magnificent prospect of the Bernese Alps, lying like a great chain of snowy peaks on the distant horizon, and among which the Jungfrau rises conspicuous with its eternal glaciers. A more lovely scene is observable in the lower ground immediately before us—the lake of Zug, glistening like a clear mirror among rugged woody hills, and bounded on our right, or towards the north, by the fertile plain through which rolls the river Reuss.

In descending the mountain and entering the canton of Zug, the roads become very bad; and from numerous emblems, we find we are again in a Roman Catholic territory. The town of Zug, a little old-fashioned place, which we reach at the bottom of the hill, has a melancholy and dull aspect, but is improving. We found the walls and gateways in the act of being removed; and the road by a new cut pushes boldly into the town, instead of creeping through a narrow and inconvenient portal. Go on, Zug! I give you credit for this instance of common sense. We spent but a short time in our perambulation of the town and its environs, inhabited, as we thought, by a decent and industrious set of people; and in the latter part of the day, after passing through a rich and beautiful tract of country, reached Lucerne, at which we proposed to remain for a few days to enjoy the exquisite scenery on its lake.

ORIGINAL STORY OF KING LEAR.

THE world has long been aware that Shakspeare, transcendent as were his powers both of invention and execution, contented himself, in the case of nearly the whole of his plays, with adopting the plots presented to him by the historians, romancers, and dramatists of preceding days. More particularly did he adhere to truth in his historical compositions, the very words of the old chroniclers being frequently used by him, with only such alterations as were necessary to cast them into blank verse. This fact, properly viewed, ought only to add to our estimation of the poet, indicating his consciousness that art could never excel nature, nor the human fancy conceive imaginary events and language more fit to "purge the soul by pity and by terror," or more provocative of laughter, than the realities disclosed in the authentic annals of our kind.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, it is usually supposed, told for the first time the story of *King Llyr* and his daughters, on which Shakspeare based the inimitable tragedy of *Lear*. It is related, however, in a Welsh manuscript history of earlier date, entitled the "*Chronicle of the Kings*," and written by a bishop of Wales named Tysilio. This work was composed at the close of the seventh century, and several copies of it are in existence. It thus tells the story of *Llyr*, or *Lear*, the eleventh king, according to the account, of Bri-

tain—a term then confined in a great measure to Wales.

"After Bleiddud came Llyr, his son, to be king, and he governed in peace and tranquillity for five-and-twenty years; and he built a city upon the river Soram, which he called Caer Llyr, and in another language, *Leir Cestyr*." And he had no son, but three daughters, whose names were Goronilla, Regan, and Cordeilla; and their father had excessive fondness for them, yet he loved the youngest daughter more than the other two. Thereupon he considered how he might leave his dominions amongst his daughters after him. Wherefore he designed to prove which of his daughters loved him the most in particular, so that he might bestow upon that one the best part of the island. And he called to him Goronilla, his eldest daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father. Whereupon, she swore to heaven, and to the earth, that she loved her father dearer than she loved her own soul; and he believed then that this was true, and bequeathed to her the third part of the island, and the man she should most prefer in the isle of Britain to be her husband. After that he called to him Regan, his second daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father; and she, too, swore by the powers of heaven and earth, that she could not, by her tongue, declare how much she loved her father. He then believed this to be the truth, and left to her the third part of the isle of Britain, together with the man she should choose in the island for her husband. And then he called to him Cordeilla, his youngest daughter, and whom he loved the most of all, and he asked her how much she loved her father—to which she answered, "I do not think there is a daughter who loves a father more than she ought; and I have loved thee through life as a father, and will love thee still. And, sir, if thou must know how much thou art loved, it is according to the extent of thy power, and thy prosperity, and thy courage." And thereat he was moved with anger, and said, "Since it is thus that thou hast despised my old age, so as not to love me equally with thy sisters, I will adjudge thee to have no share of the isle of Britain." Thereupon, without delay, he gave to his two eldest daughters the two princes, namely, the Prince of Cornwall and that of Scotland; and half the kingdom with them, whilst the king lived; and after his death, the island in two parts between them. And when the rumour of this was spread over the face of the countries, Aganippus, King of France, heard of the wisdom of Cordeilla, and of her form and beauty; he therefore sent ambassadors to the isle of Britain, to demand of the king Cordeilla, his daughter, to be his wife. And he promised her, and declared to the ambassadors, that he should not have any territory or other wealth with her from the isle of Britain. And Aganippus said that he was not in want of his territory or his riches, but of his noble and illustrious daughter, to beget of her honourable heirs; but there was no delay before Aganippus took the maid in marriage, and no one in that age beheld a maid so fair and so wise as she.

After a length of time had elapsed, and Llyr was beginning to be feeble from age, his sons-in-law came with his two daughters, and subdued the island from one sea to the other, and they divided the island and the government between them two. This was after the deluge, 1460 years. Thereupon Maglon, Prince of Scotland, took the king to him, with forty knights in his train, to be maintained at his own charge. But two years were scarcely concluded, before Goronilla grew displeased on account of her father's retinue; and she came to him, and desired that he would dismiss the whole of such retinue except twenty knights, observing, that that number was sufficient for a person who was not concerned in wars or any weighty affairs. Thereupon Llyr became enraged with his daughter for slighting him to such a degree, and he quitted the court of Maglon, and repaired to that of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, expecting to have his dignity and rank better supported there than in the court of Maglon. And Henwyn received him joyfully, and treated him honourably, as he ought. But a year and a month had not quite elapsed before Regan, his daughter, grew angry with him on account of the greatness of his train, and desired him to send away the whole thereof, except five knights, and declared that she would maintain only so many in his retinue, and which she deemed sufficient. After he had been obliged to dismiss his knights, he became grieved for the loss of his former dignity, and he returned a second time to his eldest daughter, expecting that she would have compassion on him, and would preserve him his dignity. But she declared that she would maintain only one knight with him, and that was enough for her to do, as the knights of her lord were at his command. Finding he could obtain nothing by his entreaties, he sent away all his knights excepting one, who continued with him. Then, after meditating upon his former rank, which he had lost, he became oppressed with cares, and sorrowful almost unto death.

* Most probably Leicester, which Nennius, in his "*Historia Brittonum*," calls *Caer Lloisrou*, a name not unlike the one here used.

† Shakespeare has softened these names into *Goneril*, *Regan*, and *Cordeilla*.

‡ The Welsh name for Scotland, used in the original, is *Alban*, whence came the *Albany* of Shakespeare. The name of the prince, however, as appears from the sequel, was *Maglon*, and the Prince of Cornwall was named *Henwyn*.

The words of his daughters and their professions came upon his mind, and thereupon he knew that what was said to him by Cordeilla his daughter was true; and according to his prosperity, his power, and his courage, would he be beloved.

On this he bethought himself that he would visit Cordeilla his daughter, to implore her mercy, and to see if he could obtain any kind of assistance from her towards recovering his dominion. And after he had gone off to sea with three attendants, bewailing his affliction and wretchedness, he exclaimed, with weeping and groaning, after this manner:—"O, heavens! why did ye exalt me to the summit of honour, since it is more painful to remember honour after it is lost, than to suffer want without the experience of prosperity! Gods of heaven and earth! let the time yet arrive when I may be able to retaliate upon the persons who have reduced me to this distress. Ah! Cordeilla! my beloved daughter, how truly didst thou say to me—'as my power, and my possessions, and my wealth might be, so should I be respected; and for what thou didst speak I became offended with thee. O! my beloved daughter! in what way shall I be able, for shame, to approach thee now, after having suffered thee to go away from the isle of Britain so destitute as I have done?' Continuing to lament his pain and wretchedness in this manner, he came near to Paris, the city wherein his daughter was, and he sent a messenger to her to announce that he was coming, a poor, weak, afflicted man, to implore her mercy to see her. When she heard this she wept, and inquired how many knights there were with him. The messenger declared there was but one squire; she then wept more bitterly than before, and sent him gold and silver, desiring that he should go privately as far as *Amiad*,* or to some other city that he might think proper—to take perfumes, and baths, and precious ornaments, and to change his condition, his ornaments and garments, and to take with him forty knights, in the same dress as himself. And when they should be completed and ready, he was to send a messenger to Aganippus, King of France, to announce to him his coming, after having been disgracefully expelled by his two sons-in-law from the isle of Britain, and to implore his aid to regain possession of his dominions.

All that did Llyr do, as Cordeilla his daughter had desired him. And when the messenger came to announce to the king that Llyr was coming to have an interview with him, he was rejoiced; and he came to meet him with a fair and splendid retinue to a great distance from the city, proceeding till Llyr met him; and thereupon they alighted, and embraced affectionately, and proceeded to Paris. And there they dwelt together for a long time, happily and joyfully. When the disgrace of Llyr in the isle of Britain was told to Aganippus, he was greatly affected; and thereupon it was agreed in council to assemble the armies of France, and to subdue the island again. And then Aganippus gave the government of France to Llyr, whilst he should be assembling the remote parts. When their forces and necessities were ready, it was agreed in council to send Cordeilla with Llyr, lest the French should not be obedient to Llyr. And Aganippus commended the French, as they valued their souls, and at their peril, to be as obedient to Llyr and to his daughter as they would be to himself.

When they had taken leave, they set off towards the isle of Britain; and against them came Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, with all their power, and fought gallantly and severely with them; but, owing to the French being so numerous, it did not avail them, for they were put to flight and pursued, and a multitude of them slain; and Llyr and his daughter subdued the island before the end of the year from one sea to another, and chased his two sons-in-law away out of the island.

And after the isle of Britain had been conquered by Llyr, a messenger came from France to inform Cordeilla of the death of Aganippus; and she took that very heavily to heart, and from thenceforth she preferred dwelling in the isle of Britain with her father, than return to France on her dowry. Whereupon, after they had reduced the island to them, they governed it for a long time in peace and quietness until Llyr died. And after his death, he was honourably buried in a temple which he had himself built in *Caer Llyr*, under the river Soram, to the honour of some god who was called *Janus Bifrons*. And upon the festival of that temple, all the craftsmen of the city used to come to honour it, and then they would begin every work that was to be taken in hand to the conclusion of the year.

After the decease of Llyr, Cordeilla took the government of the isle of Britain, and she managed it for five years in peace and tranquillity, and in the sixth year rose her two nephews, sons of her sisters, who were young men of great fame, namely, *Margan*, the son of Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and *Cunedda*, the son of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall. And they assembled an army, and made war on Cordeilla; and after frequent conflicts between them, they subdued the island, and took her and confined her in prison. And when she thought of her former grandeur which she had lost, and there remained no hopes that she should be again restored, out of excessive anguish she killed herself, which was done by stabbing herself

* It seems doubtful what town is here meant, unless it be *Amiens*.

with a knife under her breast, so that she lost her soul. And thereupon it was adjudged that it was the foulest death of any for a person to kill himself. This happened a thousand and five hundred years after the deluge."

JOHNSON'S PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

DR JAMES JOHNSON'S work, entitled "Change of Air, or the Pursuit of Health and Recreation through France, Switzerland, Italy," &c., has gone through various editions, and deserves such a tribute to its utility. This gentleman combines, in no ordinary degree, the capabilities for professional observation with the tact and liveliness of the accomplished general tourist. He is remarkable, moreover, for giving his own opinions freely and unhesitatingly, without exhibiting any of that slavish deference for established axioms, which renders the works of so many modern travellers little better than imitations of those of their predecessors.

Sentimental people are accustomed to rave about the skies of Italy, and to assume that they produce an earthly paradise. Dr Johnson tells another tale of one of the finest portions of that peninsula:—"A phenomenon," says he, "resulting from the physical operation of climate on the human race, and which is equally curious and melancholy to contemplate, may be seen on a large scale in the great hospital of Milan—the *pellagra* of the Lombardo-Venetian plains. Those who have not courage to view it in the living body, may form a tolerable idea of its external characters from some excellent representations in wax, at the museum of the University of Bologna.

This horrible malady, or complication of maladies, has only been observed during the last sixty or eighty years, and is rapidly increasing. The proportion of cases in the hospital is very considerable. It begins by an erysipelatous eruption on the skin, which breaks out in the spring, continues till the autumn, and disappears in the winter—chiefly affecting those parts of the surface which are habitually exposed to the sun or the air. This cutaneous symbol of an internal disorder is accompanied or preceded by remarkable debility, lassitude, melancholy, moroseness, hypochondriacism, and often by a strong propensity to suicide. Year rolls on after year, and the cutaneous eruption, as well as the general disorders, become more and more aggravated, with shorter and shorter intervals in the winter. At length the surface ceases to clear itself, and becomes permanently enveloped in a thick, livid, leprosy crust, somewhat resembling the dried and black skin of a fish! By this time the vital powers are reduced to a very low ebb, and the intellectual functions are often affected. The miserable victim of the dreadful *pellagra* loses the use of his limbs, more particularly of the lower extremities—is tormented by violent cholic, headache, nausea, flatulence, and heartburn—the appetite being sometimes null, at others voracious. The countenance becomes sombre and melancholy, or totally void of expression, the breath fetid, the teeth rotten, the inside of the mouth ulcerated, the mucous membrane highly irritable, and diarrhoea is a common accompaniment of the other disastrous train of miseries. But the most distressing phenomenon of all, is a sense of burning heat in the head and along the spine, whence it radiates to various other parts of the body, but more especially to the palms of the hands and soles of the feet—tormenting the wretched victim day and night, and depriving him completely of sleep! He frequently feels as if an electric spark darted from the brain, and flew to the eyeballs, the ears, and the nostrils, burning and consuming those parts. To these severe afflictions of the body are often added strange hallucinations of the mind. The victim of *pellagra* fancies that he hears the incessant noise of millstones grinding near him—of hammers resounding on anvils—of bells ringing, or the discordant cries of various animals! The disease, when advanced, takes the form of many other maladies, as tetanus, convulsions, epilepsy, dropsy, mania, and marasmus—the patient ceasing at last to exist and to suffer, when reduced to the state and appearance of a mummy. It is by no means uncommon—who can say it is wonderful!—that the wretched being abbreviates the term of his afflictions, and anticipates the too tardy hand of death in a paroxysm of suicidal mania! It is remarkable that this tendency to self-destruction very often assumes the form of a desire to consummate that last act of the tragedy by drowning—so much so, that Strambi, a writer on the *pellagra*, has given it the name of *hydromania*, when this propensity exists.

Whatever may be the precise nature of the cause of this dreadful disease, it is certain that it is almost universally confined to those who reside in the country, leading an agricultural life, and to the lowest orders of society. It is not bounded by any age, being frequently seen in the youngest children. The whole of the flat country on both sides of the river Po, but more especially the fertile and level plains between that river and the Alps, are the theatre and headquarters of *pellagra*. I have only sketched the more prominent features of the complaint, and I have by no means magnified either its horrors or its prevalence. If those who doubt this statement will consult

the native writers on the malady, as Strambi, Trapoli, Soler, Zanetti, and many others, they will acknowledge that I have softened rather than exaggerated the picture.

Such is the sweeping and terrible scourge of those beautiful and fertile plains that furnish themes of admiration for the poet, the painter, the novelist, and the romantic tourist! Had Rogers and Wordsworth, while celebrating the borders of Como and the Lago Maggiore, representing them as terrestrial paradises, been acquainted with the pestilence that afflicts one-seventh of the inhabitants, they would have curbed a little their poetic fancies, or added a background to the picture:

— Where the world danced,
Listening to Monti, quaffing gramolata,
And reading in the eyes that sparkled round,
A thousand love-adventures written there.—ROGERS.

The ordinary traveller is so enchanted with the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the lakes, the romantic grandeur of the surrounding Alps, and the brilliancy of the skies, that he overlooks the misery of the inhabitants, and the diseases that carry them to a premature grave. The poet avoids such scenes:

* I turn'd my prow and follow'd, landing soon
Where steps of purest marble met the wave;
Where through the trellises and corridors
Soft music came, as from Armida's palace,
Breathing enchantment o'er the woods and waters.
—ROGERS'S Italy.

Another extract may be given, exhibiting the writer of these observations in his medical character. He thus speaks of what he calls *etiolation*, or the unhealthy blanching visible too often on the cheek of the denizen of cities. "The inhabitants of a city may easily be distinguished from those of the country by the pallor of their complexions. The care-worn countenance is generally 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' but the *etiolation*, or blanching, which I am now to notice, takes place independently of much thinking or mental anxiety. It cannot, in fact, boast of such an intellectual origin as the other. It is the result of physical rather than of moral causes—more especially of bad air, in exposure to the light of heaven, sedentary avocations, inactivity, late hours, &c. I have used the word *etiolation*, because I think it perfectly appropriate. When a gardener wishes to etiolate, that is, to blanch, soften, and render juicy a vegetable, as lettuce, celery, &c., he binds the leaves together so that the light may have as little access as possible to their surfaces. In like manner, if we wish to etiolate men and women, we have only to congregate them in cities, where they are pretty securely kept out of the sun, and where they become as white, tender, and watery, as the finest celery. For the more exquisite specimens of this human *etiolation*, we must survey the inhabitants of mines, dungeons, and other subterranean abodes; and for complete contrasts to these, we have only to examine the complexions of stage-coachmen, shepherds, and the sailor 'on the high and giddy mast.' Modern Babylon furnishes us with all the intermediate shades of *etiolation*, from the 'green and yellow melancholy' of the bazaar maiden—who occupies somewhat less space in her daily avocations and exercise than she will ultimately do in her quiet and everlasting abode—to the languishing, listless, lifeless *albinos* of the boudoir, etiolated in hot-houses, by the aid of 'motley routs and midnight madrigals,' from which the light as well as the air of heaven is carefully excluded! Thus penury and wealth, obscurity and splendour, industry and idleness, the indulgence of pleasure and the endurance of pain, all meet at the same point, and, by the mysterious workings of an overruling Providence, come to the same level, in this respect, at last. That voluntary dissipation should suffer all the evils attendant on necessary and unavoidable avocation, no one can regret; but that useful toil and meritorious exertion should participate, and more than participate, in the miseries which follow in the train of the 'gay licentious proud,' is a melancholy reflection. The longer we live in this world, however, and the more narrowly we watch the ways and the fate of man, the more we shall be convinced that vice does not triumph here below—that pleasure is invariably pursued by pain—that riches and penury incur nearly the same degree and kind of taxation—and that the human frame is as much enfeebled by idleness as it is exhausted by labour.

But to return to *etiolation*. What does this blanching indicate? In the upper classes of society, it indicates what the long nails on the fingers of a Chinese indicate—no avocation. In the middle and lower orders of life, it indicates *unhealthy avocation*; and among the thinking part of the community, it is one of the symbols or symptoms of wear and tear of constitution. But different people entertain different ideas respecting *etiolation*. The fond and fashionable mother would as soon see green celery on her table as brown health on the cheek of her daughter. When, therefore, the ladies venture into the open carriage, they carefully provide themselves with parasols, to aid the dense clouds of an English atmosphere in preventing the slightest intrusion of the cheerful but embrowning rays of Phœbus. In short, no mad dog can have a greater dread of water, than has a modern fine lady of the solar beams. So much does this Phœbophobia haunt her imagination, that the parasol is up even when the skies are completely overcast, in

order that the passing zephyr may not woo her delicate features and complexion."

As a medical observer, Dr Johnson will require no panegyric, we imagine, after the perusal of the common sense views developed in these extracts. Of the liveliness of his general descriptions, we shall present but one specimen, and conclude by recommending the work most peculiarly to public notice, of which it merits even a larger share than it has obtained. Speaking of the statues in the museum of the Capitol at Rome, he thus describes the feelings excited by the quietude of that stony assemblage of great ones, some of them once bitter foes to each other:—"Behold the venerable, the highly-gifted patriot and philosopher—Cicero. He stands unmoved in the presence of the murderous triumvirs. He breathes no vengeance against Antony, who proscribed him—he casts no reproach upon Augustus, who sacrificed him. He is silent when he might denounce with safety. But he has probably seen more than the page of history has revealed; though that may convince us that the anguish of soul which terminated in his proscriber's suicide on the sands of Egypt, was fully an equivalent to the bodily fear which preceded his own assassination among the rocks of Gæta. If he upbraided not his friend Augustus for surrendering him up a victim to the hatred of Antony, it is perhaps because he is conscious that, on the great political stage where he chose to act his part, friendship is only a character assumed, like other theatrical characters, during the time it is wanted. Or does the presence of Terentia, that faithful wife who fought his battles during his timorous exile—to whom he indited his unmanly epistles from Dyrrachium—and whom he afterwards repudiated, without cause, in the hour of prosperity, and at the age of sixty-one, for a flirting girl—does her presence, I say, prevent him from hurling the charge of ingratitude at the head of Augustus?"

Near to Tully stands his quondam friend and firm supporter, the stern, the inflexible, the stoic Cato. He is no longer 'pent up in Utica' by the sword of Cæsar, but now confronts him on the summit of the Capitol. This rigid censor, who stumbled over straws and leaped over temples—who arraigned a Roman consul for the crime of dancing, while he himself turned brigand to plunder a rich but defenceless miser of all his pelf—who deposed an unoffending prince, because he was weak, and robbed him because he was wealthy—who was so stupid as to boast of this transaction, which all the sophistry of his friend Cicero failed to palliate—who, in fine, viewed other men's failings through a powerful lens, and the springs of his own actions through an opaque medium. Such is the Roman patriot whom Addison wishes us to admire, but whom philosophy teaches us to distrust. And 'mark the end.' Ptolemy, the miser, could not survive the loss of his gold, and therefore destroyed himself—Cato, the stoic, could not bear the ascendancy of Cæsar, and therefore stabbed himself! There is sometimes—perhaps oftener than is imagined—retributive justice even on this side of the grave."

FINDON AND ITS HADDOCKS.

THERE are perhaps few persons either in Scotland or England who have not seen or heard of "Finnon Haddies." Notwithstanding this notoriety, which it owes entirely to its haddocks, Findon itself, in regard to its locality, magnitude, and the social condition of its inhabitants, remains in all the obscurity of similar communities. Indeed, so small is the curiosity to inquire after the place and condition of those persons through whom we enjoy one of the greatest dainties of home produce, that I have met with connoisseurs who could scarcely tell me the coast on which Findon was situated. Induced by the fame of its haddocks to pay this little village a visit during the month of August last, I gleaned a few facts, which I conceive may be worthy of publicity.

The village lies about six miles south-west of Aberdeen, on the brow of a hill, sloping eastward to the coast of the German Ocean. It contains about forty houses and 220 souls. Like most fishing villages, Findon is irregularly built; but the exterior of the houses, and the open spaces before the doors, are generally much cleaner than in similar places. In the interior of the cottages, I was surprised to see so much cleanliness, order, and taste, on the part of the females in their domestic arrangements—the furniture thoroughly clean and tastefully placed—the crockery, which is in great quantities, all clean and nicely set off—the "ben end," the floor of which is elevated a few inches above that of the "but end," extremely clean and tidy. In this village, whether inside or outside, industry seems the order of the day. Men and women rise every morning with the lark—the former to shove out to sea, the latter to tramp to the Aberdeen market with the "haddies." Such is the health which these industrious fisherwomen enjoy, and such are the results of this health, that the great majority are able to carry on their backs a hundred-weight of fish the distance of six miles without a single rest; and, indeed, so little discomposed are they by their loads, that many of them amuse themselves by knitting stockings on the way.

The countenances of these females, although not so fine and sweetly formed as some we meet with in the streets of large and crowded cities, yet present such a picture of health and enjoyment as cannot be contemplated without pleasure. Their dress, especially

when coming to the market, is neither gaudy nor costly, but for neatness and cleanliness could not be exceeded. Their body-dress, which consists of a long wrapper, a constant observer would be inclined to suppose was washed and mangled for every journey, while their head-dress, which consists of a plain close single-bordered cap, is as white as snow. It is said that, as regards dress, the greatest ambition of a Findon female is to have the last-mentioned article spotlessly pure.

The intellectual condition of the fishermen of this village seems to be extremely low. They live and die in a state of utter ignorance as to all that is beyond their own village and their own occupation. They have, especially during the winter season, much spare time, which they spend in a manner more resembling the habits of dogs than those of rational beings—a mere alternation of lounging and sleeping. Such a thing as a weekly periodical never reaches this village. I could find no one who had ever heard of the Penny Magazine or Chambers's Journal; and even a provincial newspaper is a rare thing, and only seen during the winter season, when perchance one of the previous summer reaches them in the shape of waste paper. Some time ago, through the active exertions of a few philanthropic individuals, a library was instituted in the village; but through a total indifference on the part of the fishermen, it was soon given up. So little interest had the inhabitants felt in this institution, and so small was their knowledge of the collection of books, that no one I saw could give me the least information on the subject. This distaste for reading cannot be supposed to arise from a want of education, such as it is, or has been; for I was assured that every youth, male and female, receives on an average five years of schooling. The course is composed of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and all of them go through, and generally commit to heart, the paraphrases, most of the Psalms, a good share of the New Testament, and the whole of the Shorter Catechism. Surely we have here a very strong proof of the insufficiency of the present system of training in country schools, and more especially those in the immediate vicinity of fishing communities. If the education of five years were what it should be, it would often be found to lay the foundation of a future taste for knowledge. I had the curiosity to examine a boy, whose course had been newly ended. He could read and count tolerably; but of the meaning of what he read, or the principle by which his accounts were evolved, he just knew as much as might be expected from a parrot or monkey, had they been trained to such mechanical performances. The powers of reasoning and reflection are entirely neglected in the education of these fisher youths, and the effects of this are painfully experienced during life.

The social manners of these fishermen have undergone, during the last half century, a considerable change to the better. Intemperance is scarcely known among them; indeed, it seems to be admitted by one and all, that whisky is good for nothing, save on two particular occasions. One of these occasions is a winter morning, during a fall of snow or sleet, when the fishermen determine upon going to sea; the other is, when, after being out all night, they come home in the morning to a good day's work. On both of these occasions, they allow themselves one glass of ardent spirits. Merry-makings occur only at marriages and christenings. Those at marriages are the most extravagant, never lasting less than three days, and often a week. Dancing, singing, and playing, mark these festive meetings, from which whisky is nearly banished. Some time ago, the minister of the parish prohibited marriages from taking place on the Saturday, to save violations of the Sabbath; but this prohibition is already neglected. One practice prevails, which, for the future interests of this community, cannot be too soon discontinued: I allude to the circumstance of merchants from the town, when engaging a boat's crew of men, allowing so much money for the express purpose of drinking. I was informed that these were the only times when intoxication could be said to prevail; and I was sorry to think that men, possessed of superior advantages and knowledge, should endanger the happiness of a simple community by patronising such a practice. In regard to the various improvements in every department of human knowledge, and which form the great characteristics of the age in which we live, I have already noticed that they are entirely ignorant, save of the existence of the "stame-boat," and for this they are indebted to its passing by their village. In regard to the improvements in education, they entertain some vague and laughable ideas. I questioned them if the education given to their families was the same as they had got themselves. "Oo na—terrible chinges in education. In our days we were garred mak oor vriting strokes like bows; neo they mak them like horse-whips: oo, ay, sad chinges, indeed!" Such is the fisherman's idea of educational reform, and the only reform too of which he has any idea. Most of them have introduced the use of the compass in their fishing-boats, and from that instrument they confess they have derived great benefit. When overtaken by a heavy fog, which, at certain seasons of the year, is a very common occurrence, and when many miles from home, and unable to see ten yards before them, by means of this simple instrument they will steer with the utmost confidence into their narrow creeks. Formerly, during thick fogs, they were exposed to all the fears and dangers

of bewildered crews. I questioned them about the barometer, but of it they knew nothing. They thought they had seen something like the thing I described about lighthouses, and they had been informed that it told the changes of the weather to a minute; yet they never had thought of inquiring after one. I explained its nature, and its great uses in saving lives. On my telling them that it would sometimes give its warnings when the oldest and most experienced seamen could detect no symptoms of approaching dangers, they looked at me with an incredulous stare. I questioned them in regard to their knowledge of geography, and whether, in the event of their being driven from their coasts to some other, they could tell that coast. Their ideas on this subject were crude and very incorrect. The superstitions common to this community are so like those of similar communities, that an account of them would afford no novelty.

I shall now proceed to a description of the manner of preparing those yellow fish, which have given to this village its fame. The fish called "Finnon haddies" are not exclusively the produce of this village, but of other four lying on the same coast between Aberdeen and Stonehaven. When the fish are prepared and brought to the table, it is said that connoisseurs can tell the particular village from whence they come. With these judges, Findon stands second in the quality of its fish. The secrets of preparing the fish lie in the mode of drying them, the time required for smoking them, and the nature of the substance by which they are smoked. Simple as the process may appear, yet I was informed that there was great scope for nicety of judgment. In the summer season, when the weather is fine, the fish, after being gutted and cleaned, are spread before the door to dry. A certain time is allowed for this, depending upon the dryness of the weather. They are then taken into the house, pierced behind one of the upper fins by an iron rod, and hung, to the number of four or five hundred, upon transverse rods, over a furnace in the corner of the house. The furnace is supplied with peat dross of a peculiar nature—much depends on this—for the purpose of smoking them. This process, when the fish are previously dried, occupies about three hours. In the winter season, the fish are dried in the house. They are hung over the furnace wet; a clear red fire is kept up for about four hours, at the end of which time the peat moss is introduced to smoke them. The same time is allowed for smoking the last as that of the first. This mode of preparing the yellow haddocks is peculiar to the five villages already mentioned. Other villages which produce yellow fish, do so by means of a kiln. Over this kiln the fish are spread, not hung; hence they do not require a hole pierced, as in the case of the Findon haddocks. Nevertheless, a hole is made for the purpose of deception; but with this unavoidable distinction, that, in the former, the hole is made subsequent to the process of browning, while in the latter it is made previously to it. The result is, that in the one case the interior of the hole is browned, and preserves the width of the rod, while in the other the interior of the hole is fresh and collapsed. This is the only distinguishing mark by sight between the real and the spurious Findon haddock.

I shall conclude this account of the Findon community by a few remarks on the nature of their leases. Whenever a new house is wanted, the landlord grants a certain quantity of land, upon which he builds the shell of the house. The tenant roofs it, and finishes it within at his own expense. In consideration of this, he holds the house at a lower rent than otherwise he would have done. It will appear strange, that after this outlay on the part of the tenant, he is liable to ejection at the landlord's pleasure, and can claim none of his expenses. Such unequal conditions might, on the part of an unscrupulous landlord, be converted to his great advantage; yet the past experience of this very inequality presents this pleasant subject for reflection, that, while the power to distress was unlimited, scarcely a single case of such a nature has ever occurred. This fact of itself speaks volumes for the confidence and friendship which exist between these simple fishermen and their landlords. Of the cause of this peculiar provision I am ignorant, but its moral results are evident. To the youthful fisherman who aspires to the independence of a tenant, it necessitates a long and constant course of industry, with a careful husbanding of his gains. Of this youthful discipline he feels the benefits through the whole of his future life, in the shape of a reduced rent, and, what is far more important, active and frugal habits.

OVER-EDUCATING.

At no period of youth should education be pushed beyond its proper limits, or the mind be worked above its powers; the welfare of the pupil demands the observance of this rule on the part of the master as well as the parents, more especially when the child belongs to that class of strumous children whose intellects are preternaturally acute. Unfortunately, however, these are generally the pupils selected by the masters to do credit to his establishment; every means are taken to encourage this premature manifestation of the mind, and to stimulate the child to renewed exertions; and thus the health is enfeebled, and even life is often sacrificed, at a period of brilliant promise, when the hopes of friends are buoyed up by fallacious expectations, which a more rational system of education might have realised.—*Sir James Clark on Consumption.* [How many melancholy instances could be advanced of the truth of these admonitions!]

AN EMIGRANT FAMILY.

THE sufferings to which poor emigrants are sometimes put in travelling from one part of America to another, may be conceived from the following affecting notice in the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* :—

"Amid the cold and searching rain, when the stout and well-clad pedestrian was seen enveloped in wool and waterproof boots, a group of nine persons—a mother and eight children—were seen huddled together under the eaves of a warehouse on the wharf. They were cleanly dressed, yet exhibiting those never-failing marks which silently bespeak the indigent. The mother was young for one who had reared such a circle; and her calm, resigned demeanour, indicated that she was no stranger to those inculcations so strongly and feelingly set forth in the family Bible. Her oldest child was a daughter, in height equal to the mother, who stood by the little brothers, endeavouring to keep them comfortable with her scanty cloak, while a consoling word diverted the oft-repeated inquiry for bread.

Their history is soon told: 'I came,' said the mother, 'from Calais in Maine, and I am on my way to Cincinnati, where my husband is. He left home last spring, and after reaching Ohio, got an interest in a piece of land; but I fear he has been unable to keep it, as his means were very limited. Should I and the boys reach him, I think we could do much to aid in clearing the land, and perhaps earn some money to pay for it.'

To a question as to the mode of travel from that place of her departure, she replied:—'On leaving home, which was on the 11th of August, we took a stout horse and waggon, in which we put our clothes and victuals. The children and myself, including an infant eleven months old, took turns to ride awhile, but finding the animal to fail, we finally took the road and trudged along until we reached Roxbury, Massachusetts. Here the youngest child was taken sick, and continued to decline until the 4th of October, when it died. During our stay in Roxbury, the oldest girl and one of the boys worked in a bookbinder's to assist in supporting us, but the small sum they obtained for their services was totally inadequate to meet our daily expenses and those incurred by the death of the child. However, we succeeded in getting away from the place, and in due time reached Providence, Rhode-Island, where I found myself entirely destitute of money. I sold my horse and waggon for twenty dollars, a sum far below their value, and took passage in a packet for New York. From New York I went to Albany, where I had but two dollars left after paying my passage. With that small sum I have reached this place, and am now without money or food of any kind. Indeed, the children or myself have not tasted victuals since last night.'

This was the brief narrative of the poor woman, and her story was given with such faithfulness and sincerity, that to doubt it was impossible.

A statement was made to the board having control of the steam-boat interest, and a *carte blanche* given for her free conveyance to Cleveland, on board the *Wisconsin*; while a charitable hand furnished as much bread as will suffice the party until they reach Ohio. How they will fare after that, it is impossible to guess."

"We have the satisfaction of informing our Buffalo friend, that the mother and children referred to were not neglected on their arrival at Cleveland. We handed an account to a worthy bachelor friend this morning, who has a bigger soul than body (would we could say as much of his purse). He sought out the needy, and in a few hours raised near forty dollars for their relief, secured a passage to Portsmouth, and sent them on their way rejoicing."—*Cleveland Herald.*

THE DEATH OF THE DEER.

He sleeps on the sward where he gamboll'd but now,
With speed in his footsteps and pride on his brow;
There's gone on his antlers, there's mist on his eye;
And o'er the dead gallant I breathe a deep sigh.

No more through the woodlands thou'ldst bound in thy glee,
Thou son of the swift foot—thou type of the free!
No more o'er the hill top pass by like a dream,
Nor rest in the green shade, beside the clear stream.

Scarcely felt the red heather the touch of thy feet,
'Twas so light and so tender, so graceful, so fleet;
And the eyes scarce beheld thee, ere thou wert again
Far up the steep mountain, or down the dark glen.

The bolt of the huntsman hath wounded and slain;
Yet skill'd though his hand be, and short though the pain,
I grieve not his triumph, but sadly deplore
That the voices of morning shall wake thee no more.

The wood-dove and linnet shall sound in the trees,
And the call of the cuckoo float past on the breeze;
The horn of the hunter shall ring far away,
And children's glad voices be heard at their play;

The streamlet shall murmur like mother's soft song,
And mirror the wild flowers while wand'ring along;
'Twill woo thy fair image to seek it once more,
But thou shalt be missing from stream and from shore.

The dew-drop shall gem the sweet primrose at morn,
And fragrance diffuse from the boughs of the thorn;
But thou shalt be absent from hill and from plain,
And the doe and the young fawn shall seek thee in vain.

A. G.

DUPES TO OURSELVES.

We are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designing, are usually nothing more than the prey taken from those very snares we have laid ourselves. One man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust; what are these but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowler, but woven by the victim?—*Lacus.*

THE PLEADER.

THAT the object of judicial pleading is often less to elicit truth than to hide it, is thus touched upon in a late number of the *Dublin University Magazine* :—

"The wretch stained with crime, polluted in iniquity, [commits his case to the cleverest lawyer he can hire]; and the trepidation or the indifference that he manifested before, now gradually gives way, and almost unconsciously he becomes deeply interested in the changes and vacillations of the game, which he believed could have presented but one aspect of fortune. But the prisoner is not my object: I turn rather to the lawyer. Here, then, do we not see the accomplished gentleman, the finished scholar, the man of refinement and of learning, of character and station, standing forth the very embodiment of the individual in the dock? Possessed of all his secrets, animated by the same hopes, penetrated by the same fears, he endeavours, by all the subtle ingenuity with which craft and habit have gifted him, to confound the testimony, to disparage the truth, to pervert the inferences of all the witnesses. In fact, he employs all the stratagems of his calling, all the ingenuity of his mind, all the subtlety of his wit, for this one end, that the man he believes in his own heart to be guilty, may, on the oaths of twelve honest men, be pronounced innocent.

From the opening of the trial to its close, this mental gladiator is an object of wonder and dread. Scarcely a quality of the human mind is not exhibited by him in the brilliant panorama of his intellect. At first, the patient perusal of a complex and wordy indictment occupies him exclusively; he then proceeds to cross-examine the witnesses, flustering this one, browbeating that, suggesting, insinuating, amplifying, or retrenching, as the evidence would seem to favour or be adverse to his client. He is alternately confident and doubtful, headlong and hesitating; now hurried away on the full tide of his eloquence, he expatiates in beautiful generalities on the glorious institution of trial by jury, and apostrophises justice; or now, with broken utterance and plaintive voice, he supplicates the jury to be patient, and be careful in the decision they may come to. He implores them to remember, that when they leave that court, and return to the happy comforts of their home, conscience will follow them, and the everlasting question crave for answer within them, were they sure of this man's guilt? He teaches them how fallacious are all human tests; he magnifies the slightest discrepancy of evidence into a broad and sweeping contradiction; and while, with a prophetic menace, he pictures forth the undying remorse that pursues him who sheds innocent blood, he dismisses them with an affecting picture of mental agony so great, of suffering so heart-rending, that, as they retire to the jury-room, there is not a man of the twelve that has not more or less of a personal interest in the acquittal of the prisoner.

However bad, however depraved the human mind, it still leans to mercy; the power to dispose of another man's life is generally sufficient for the most malignant spirit in its thirst for vengeance. What, then, are the feelings of twelve calm, and perhaps benevolent men, at a moment like this? The last words of the advocate have thrown a new element into the whole case, for, independent of their verdict upon the prisoner, comes now the direct appeal to their own hearts. How will they feel when they reflect on this hereafter? I do not wish to pursue this further. It is enough for my present purpose that, by the ingenuity of the lawyer, criminals have escaped, do escape, and are escaping, the just sentence on their crimes. What, then, is the result? The advocate, who up to this moment has maintained a familiar, even a friendly intimacy with his client in the dock, now shrinks from the very contamination of his look. He cannot bear that the blood-stained fingers should grasp the hem of his garment, and he turns with a sense of shame from the expressions of a gratitude that criminate him in his own heart. However, this is but a passing sensation; he divests himself of his wig and gown, and, overwhelmed with congratulations for his brilliant success, he springs into his carriage and goes home to dress for dinner—for on that day he is engaged to the Chancellor —, the Bishop of —, or some other great and revered functionary, the guardian of church or the custodian of conscience.

Now, there is only one thing in all this I would wish to bring strikingly before the mind of my readers, and that is, that the lawyer, throughout the entire proceeding, was a free and willing agent. There was neither legal nor moral compulsion to urge him on. No; it was no intrepid defence against the tyranny of a government or the usurpation of power—it was the assertion of no broad and immutable principle of truth or justice—it was simply a matter of legal acumen and persuasive eloquence, to the amount of fifty pounds sterling."

It should, we think, have been added, that the system here deprecated is scarcely separable from the humane principle of allowing criminals to plead through skilled advocates; and that it is better one villain should escape by such assistance than that innocent individuals should suffer. It is the business of juries to disregard all clap-trap appeals to feeling, and only act according to strict justice.

The publishers of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal occasionally receive letters from persons complaining of an inability to procure back numbers to complete sets, the booksellers to whom application is made, saying "they are out of print;" It is therefore now intimated, that of every number from the commencement of the work the publishers possess at least a thousand copies, and also the stereotype plates for printing more if required. If any one has failed in procuring supplies of back numbers, a mistake of some kind must have occurred in making the application.

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